

## How to Dress Children

It is the worst of mistaken pride to overdress a baby. If ever simplicity needs to be thrust upon any one the baby is the proper object. The clothes may be as dainty as you please, but they must be simple and the fewer the better. Babies feel the cold and heat more than adults, and they need free play for their rapidly growing bodies.

Layette garments are no longer elaborate and are provided in small numbers. Not more than six dresses nor more than three nightgowns are in the first outfit. The dresses are made without yokes, but the material is neat, plain and hemstitched. If lace is used it is mostly a very narrow edging, almost as fragile as the goods. Hand sewing counts for much in the beauty of such articles. Baby's first short clothes may reach to the soles of his little shoes, as usually by the time he is able to stand he will have grown so that the dresses will be short enough not to be in the way. When he is ready to take the first steps turn the dresses up at the shoe tops, and as he grows taller gradually make the length of the dresses shorter until they are just about to the bend of the knee.

Clothes lie much nearer to character than many of us suspect, and no mother does her full duty by her children who does not make their clothing a matter of careful study and scrupulous attention. Dress a child conspicuously every day with bright colors, ribbons and fancy frocks and you will surely develop in the child a display loving disposition, vanity, forwardness and self consciousness.

A child's wardrobe does not call for great variety. It should comprise no more garments than are consistent with comfort and tidiness. Why buy more dresses or suits than are needed when they are sure to be outgrown? Instead of making an endless number of garments to be outgrown instead of outworn, make your little daughter four each of petticoats, drawers, plain and afternoon dresses and two white, laced trimmed batiste ones for dress occasions. Do not permit her to wear in the morning the half soiled dress worn the previous afternoon, but instead put on her a dark one-piece dress with bloomers to match.

Many mothers wisely dress their little girls in cotton frocks all winter. With leggings, sweaters, bloomers and warm coats for outdoor life this custom makes for comfort in steam heated homes. Little serge gowns with bloomers to match and one-piece frocks over pretty gimpes may take the place of thin ones, but suitable clothing next the skin make gingham, piques and such materials useful even during cold months.

Fancy footwear is attractive, but grimy little knees and soiled socks are not, while good quality stockings and black or tan leather shoes are always presentable and with leggings are comfortable all winter.

For wear with afternoon dresses make two waist petticoats of cambric, tucked and trimmed with effective but durable embroidery. The other two, for wear with her best dresses, make of nainsook and trim them with fine linen torchon. For the afternoon dresses use muslin for the four. Trim one with embroidery, another with lace, a third with bands and the fourth with hand embroidery.

No two of the dresses will look alike, yet when they are too much worn for further use you can easily make from the portions still in good condition two dresses which will look as well as entirely new ones. Make them simply, cutting them, if possible, by a one piece pattern. A dress made in this fashion and opened down the back from the neck to hem is ironed in half the time it takes for one which must be slipped over the ironing board. You can frequently make the gimpes from your own partly worn lingerie waists.

### When Your Sweater is Soiled.

Knitted or crocheted sweaters or scarfs can be washed to look like new. If the sweater is folded as flat as possible, placed carefully in a pillowcase and run through at intervals with basting thread to keep it in position it can be washed with the ordinary flannels. But if it is a very delicate sweater it is best to wash it separately in soapsuds made by dissolving a cake of shaved white soap in enough boiling water to make a gallon and to this adding a tablespoonful of ox gall. Souse it up and down with the hands, but do not rub it. Squeeze out the water by patting between the hands and rinse in three waters. Then wring it, twist between two dry sheets and place lightly. Press while still hot with a warm iron.

### That Petticoat Flounce.

This season the petticoat flounce is usually meant to distend the bottom of the dress skirt with which it is worn—usually, but not always. The favorite flounce is deep, but it is handled in various ways, sometimes being simply gathered and having from one to several thin ruffles atop of it to obtain a desired bouffant effect. A pretty model is that flounce which is accordion plaited and which has about its edge, run through the hem as through a casing, a cable cord to distend it. The smoked flounce is of course lovely and a beautiful garment which the girl who has plenty of leisure may make.



By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"E M," called old Mrs. Tatem from her bedroom adjoining the kitchen, "Em, come here. I want to talk to you."

"Well, ma?" said Em wearily, sinking into a chair near the window, which overlooked the yard.

"Ain't you heard from the company about the dividend on that gas stock?"

asked the pale, ill old woman.

"Not a word," admitted Em faintly. "Lordy me! I kinder wish your pa hadn't put all his money into Donaldsville gas stock. Why, he even mortgaged the house to buy more stock," went on Mrs. Tatem. "It was all right as long as they paid dividends, but now—why, it's six months overdue!"

"Yes, ma."

"You're a wonderful manager, Em, to make that last money stretch over so many months. I suppose you got some left?"

Em thought of her worn purse, which contained one copper cent.

"Yes, ma, some," she replied, getting up and smoothing the big pillows. "I'm going out to get some dinner for you. Could you eat an egg?"

"Yes, Emmy, I think I could relish an egg."

Em Tatem stood by the kitchen window looking out across the yard, now brown and bare, swept by November winds. She was a sweet faced, patient looking woman of thirty-five, and her still abundant fair hair and blue eyes added to her charms. People said that Em Tatem had faded dreadfully the past year, but they did not guess it was because Em was slowly starving herself so that there would be enough for the beloved mother.

"If it hadn't been for the gas stock!" she murmured, with tears filling her eyes. There came a knock at the door. "Ma wants to know if you can spare a dozen eggs," said a little girl. Em went into her pantry and counted the eggs in the blue bowl. There were exactly fourteen. She would save two for her mother, and with the 18 cents in hand she could buy some meat. Em did not dare tell her mother that there now remained in the poultry yard one lone Plymouth Rock hen.

Em put the eggs in the girl's basket. "How is your mother, Mary?" she asked.

"She's pretty well, Miss Tatem. She's awful busy, though. You know tomorrow's Thanksgiving. And, oh, Miss Tatem, she says she'll pay you as soon as she gets some change." And Mary ran down the path.

Em stared after the child with hard, resentful eyes.

"It's wicked, downright wicked!" she cried fiercely. "They've all got money and food and everything. Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day, and not a thing to eat! I'll have to kill Eliza. Maybe ma could eat her if she was roasted with sage dressing."

Em went down to the chicken house, where the solitary hen, Eliza, had wandered disconsolately about.

"It will seem like killing a friend to harm Eliza," thought Em. "Where is the critter anyway? She's laid her egg this morning, and—oh, Eliza!"

Em's surprise and grief were justified by the sight of poor Eliza's dead body within the nest. Eliza had died at her post of duty.

After Em Tatem had given Eliza's corpse decent burial she hurried into the house and prepared a poached egg and a cup of tea for her mother's dinner. After the meal Mrs. Tatem dozed off into her afternoon nap.

Em locked the doors and went up the steep hill back of the house and entered the little grove of locust trees that separated her property from Deacon Pepper's farm. She approached the boundary fence and looked over into the deacon's lot. Here had wandered Deacon Pepper's fine flock of turkeys. All had been sold save two, the giant of the flock and a small hen turkey which no one wanted. Of course the deacon would kill the gobbler for his own table. Although he was a bachelor, he often entertained his many friends and relatives.

"I've got to look out for ma, and they can't want that little hen—and I hope I'll be forgiven, but I can't let ma die!" With these mingled prayers and excuses Em drew from her pocket a handful of corn and tossed it toward the turkeys.

They came running toward her, the gobbler greedily pushing his small companion out of the way. Em threw another handful and another, gradually luring the birds toward the fence. On her side she had spread an old fish net on the ground.

But, to her dismay, it was the bronze gobbler which came to her net. The little hen wearied of the unequal chase for grains of corn and wandered off. Presently Em Tatem was muffling the

violently protesting voice of the gobbler with her knitted jacket while she dumped him, his feet still entangled in the net, into an empty sack.

It was Thanksgiving morning. In the darkest corner of the Tatem cellar was a heap of bronze turkey feathers. Up on the hillside was an acrid smell of smoke from the bonfire where Em Tatem had cremated other evidences of her crime.

A delicious smell of roasted turkey pervaded the Tatem house.

Em moved a little round table to her mother's bedside and spread a snowy linen cloth. There were a glass of grape jelly, some light biscuits, a dish of boiled rice, a pot of fragrant tea and—the turkey.

"Em Tatem," gasped her mother as Em, pale and smiling, sat down at table, "where did you ever get that turkey?"

"Never mind," evaded Em mysteriously. "All you've got to do, ma, is to enjoy it."

"You're not eating a mite, Em," protested Mrs. Tatem after awhile. "That turkey's better than the one your pa bought from old Deacon Pepper for our silver wedding anniversary. That was a delicious turkey. Old Deacon Pepper always did have fine turkeys. When Sadie Denton was here yesterday she told me that young Deacon Pepper has raised and sold a fine flock. They said he made \$75 clear off the whole lot."

"Yes," murmured Em.

"I never hear you speak of Ned Pepper, Em."

"No, ma."

Mrs. Tatem looked shrewdly at her daughter. It was something of a shock to her to discover that Em looked sick. "Like enough she's worked herself to death sewing for Mrs. Meek, so's she could buy the turkey," she told herself remorsefully.

"There, Em," she said cheerfully, "that's the best Thanksgiving dinner I ever ate in my life!"

While her mother was taking her after dinner nap Em cleared away the dinner dishes and afterward went up the hill to the locust grove. She was heartsick and weary, and she threw herself down on the dead leaves and, putting her hands to her face, sobbed softly.

From the Pepper homestead came strains of music. There was the sound of laughter and presently a man's voice



"I want to tell you something, Deacon Pepper."

singing "Annie Laurie." Long years ago young Deacon Pepper—Ned Pepper—had sung that song to Em Tatem, but she had been shy and cold, and somehow Ned had felt rebuffed and drifted away to sing his wings at other flames.

"I wonder what he would say if he knew I was a thief, and I've got to tell him," whispered Em to herself.

A step sounded on the frozen ground and a big bronzed man with troubled gray eyes leaned over the fence and looked down at poor Em Tatem.

"Em," he ventured after awhile.

Em jumped up, her blue eyes downed in tears. "Ned—Ned Pepper!" she cried in a frightened tone. Then, suddenly recovering herself, she said in a frozen voice:

"I want to tell you something, Deacon Pepper—no—no—please don't interrupt me. You missed your big turkey, didn't you?"

He nodded. "It disappeared."

"You don't know where it went?" she declared tragically.

"Oh, but I did, Em," he corrected her.

"I stole it, and I came up here to confess to you!"

"You needn't say a word unless you want to, Em," he interrupted quickly.

"I happened to be up repairing the arm on the windmill, and I had my field-glasses along. I always like to glimpse the distant view when I'm up on the tower, and I happened to be looking through the glasses when—when the turkeys—went up to you—and the gobbler didn't come back again; so I knew that you had it, Em, and I guessed you needed it badly; so the instant you took him I made you a present of him; so he was yours after all!"

Em poured out the story of the delayed dividends and of their pinching poverty and how she had stolen the turkey for her mother. "I couldn't touch a morsel of it," she shuddered.

Ned listened and offered to write to the gas company concerning her moth-

# GIVE THANKS!



## Thanksgiving

By ANNA BLACKSTONE VALIQUET

THOU dost bless us, O our Father,  
Every day and every hour.  
While awake and while we're sleeping  
We are safe in thy great power.

Thou dost show us paths of beauty,  
Leading on where all is bright,  
Far beyond the clouds and darkness,  
Into conscious realms of light.

All the earthly cares and struggles  
Have a mission here, we find.  
They unfold the priceless beauty—  
Hidden jewels in mankind.

And we thank thee for thy blessings,  
For the sunlight, birds and flowers,  
For our lives and all the dear ones  
Sacred to these hearts of ours.

And if any should be absent  
In our homes Thanksgiving day  
We shall know that thou art with them,  
Blessing in thy perfect way.

In the great eternal kingdom  
We shall meet with one accord,  
Giving thanks and joyful praises  
At the table of our Lord.

Every Day Thanksgiving Day.  
We should make every day a  
thanksgiving day. I hold the same  
sentiments upon this subject as the  
late Dr. Maltbie Babcock of New York.  
He said: "Why don't people have 364  
days of thanksgiving and only one of  
scolding? The world would be so much  
happier." — Rev. Dr. John Timothy  
Stone.

er's stock. He was a director in the Donaldsville bank, and his name would give weight to the inquiry.

"You are too good to me," faltered Em, looking very pretty and animated with the pink in her thin cheeks.

"I couldn't be too good to you, Emmy," he said soberly, his eyes fixed on the distant horizon. "If I'd had my way years ago all that I had would be yours. I wish you had cared enough."

"Ned," she protested in a frightened tone. "I did care—always. I thought you didn't."

Ned's eyes flashed dangerously. "Then—he—lied!" he growled. And at the wonderment in her eyes he added, "Some one who is dead now told me that you couldn't care for me, and I—fool—believed!"

There was a long silence. Ned stared straight ahead. Em's careworn face had lost its anxious lines.

"Em," he pleaded, "it isn't too late now, is it?"

"It's never too late to be happy!" she whispered softly.

Mrs. Tatem is never tired of telling that the big bronze turkey was Deacon Pepper's engagement present to Emmy. And Emmy and her husband always exchange understanding smiles.

## THANKSGIVING ENRICHES AMERICA'S LIFE.

Thanksgiving day is one of the most gracious and heartening anniversaries in the American year. That a people should be called by their president to reckon the mercies and privileges received at the hands of God is a most hallowed and sanctifying ministry and most assuredly enriches and invigorates the national life.

But Thanksgiving should not be confined to material bounty. It should extend its range and include the blessings found in the broadening day of knowledge and in the lifting of all forms of oppression from those who are bearing a needless yoke. It should even go beyond the range of patriotism and become cosmopolitan as it contemplates the heaven of freedom and humanity which is working in every part of the world.

Thanksgiving of this wide and ennobling kind would surely send a thankful people into the ways of unselfish and chivalrous service.

## The Man Behind the Bird

By MINNA IRVING

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WE honor the heroes of history's page  
Who gild it with greatness and glory—  
Columbus, De Soto and all of the rest,  
Immortal in song and in story.

They sailed to discover this land of the west  
Through weather unpleasant and murky,  
But there is another we should not forget—  
The man who discovered the turkey.

Oh, gather the drumsticks, clean polished and picked,  
From each bountiful Thanksgiving table  
And rear him a monument loftier far  
Than the highest in fact or in fable!

Though nameless, he shines through the mist of the years  
Like the sun through a fog billow murky,  
So let us give thanks while enjoying the bird  
For the man who discovered the turkey.

To Thank is to Remember.  
The Anglo-Saxon verb "thencan" means to remember, and from it as a root we get our English words "think" and "thank." These words so closely related remind us that thankfulness is a result of thoughtfulness and that visions of the past will enable us to appreciate the victories of the present.

## Pilgrims Did Not Like The Turkey

IN spite of the statements of popular historians roasted turkey with giblet gravy and with cranberry or apple sauce was a very popular Sunday and holiday dish in many places many years before turkey became standardized as the central dish of the Thanksgiving day dinner in Plymouth colony and among the Puritans and their descendants settled along Boston bay and the north shore of Massachusetts.

The story that turkey was the mainstay of the Thanksgiving day dinner of the early colonists of New England seems to have come from the pen of a visiting Englishman at Plymouth, who described his travels in a book published in London just after the great fire.

He also told the absurd story of the starving condition of the pilgrims and of their being reduced at one time to a dinner of three grains of corn. The fact was that none of the early or late colonists could have starved at Plymouth or elsewhere along the north or the south shore, as the sea teemed with fish and shellfish and the woods were alive with game. As late as thirty years ago Brant Rock and Marshfield, near Plymouth, Mass., were resorted to by hundreds of hunters of wild birds, and to this hour deer and wild bird shooting is good in Plymouth county.

What the pilgrims and the Puritans craved in the early years of their settlements were roast beef and mutton, pork, wheaten, oaten and barley bread, venison pasties made from the red deer stock, native to England; jams and jellies from English fruits preserved with brown sugar from the orient and English mead, ales and Holland spirits. Most of them disliked Indian corn in all forms of products for human consumption, and they disliked oysters, clams, lobsters, mussels, scallops, turkeys and native venison. It was only when marriages of the early English settlers and their descendants in New England with Indians brought about many persons of

mixed blood that the English prejudices against certain native American food products passed away. To this day English travelers find some of our foods which we consider delicious strange to their palates. Matthew Arnold, traveling in America, was asked to taste griddlecakes. "Try them, my dear," he said to his wife; "they're not nearly so nasty as they look!"

As lately as fifty years ago many families in New England of undoubted descent from the pilgrims and Puritans regarded roasted or baked turkey as an Indian dish and would have none of it at any time, preferring for Thanksgiving day dinner roast beef, a saddle of mutton, pork spareribs, roast goose with apple sauce or farm raised ducks with barberry sauce. The wild turkey was saved from extinction in New England only because the farmers noticed that those birds and the partridges served well in ridding the farm lands of insects and weeds.

### An Old Time Thanksgiving Sentiment.

The day, the joyful day, recommended by the illustrious Washington has dawned which invited united America religiously to celebrate the goodness of God—the happy fruits and effects of one of the most memorable revolutions recorded in all history, a revolution, considered in its rise, progress and speedy termination without a precedent, at once exhibiting such a phenomenon in the political world as has attracted the eyes of all civilized nations and attended with such a series of providential interpositions as might well astonish disinterested spectators, confound the infidel and enrapture the saint; a revolution in favor of civic and religious liberty which in its principles has given a fatal shock to tyranny and oppression in general, a glorious revolution which spake into political existence our national republic, now rising with rapid progress to meridian glory.—Benjamin Wadsworth at Danvers, Mass., 1795.

Recipe For Pumpkin Pie.  
This pumpkin pie recipe has been tested and found good by many housewives:

Mix two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ginger and one-half teaspoonful of salt, and add one and one-half cupfuls of steamed and strained pumpkin, two eggs, slightly beaten, one and one-half cupfuls of milk and one-half cupful of cream. Bake in one crust.